



**THE
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MUSIC FESTIVAL**

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June 13-15



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GRANT PARK ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS

Carlos Kalmar Artistic Director and Principal Conductor

Christopher Bell Chorus Director

Wednesday, June 13, 2018 at 6:30 p.m.

Saturday, June 16, 2018 at 7:30 p.m.

Jay Pritzker Pavilion

OPENING NIGHT: HAYDN AND WALTON

Grant Park Orchestra and Chorus

Carlos Kalmar Conductor

Christopher Bell Chorus Director

Dashon Burton Baritone

Sean Shepherd

Magiya

Franz Joseph Haydn

Symphony No. 99 in E-Flat Major

Adagio—Vivace assai

Adagio

Menuetto: Allegretto

Finale: Vivace

INTERMISSION*

William Walton

Belshazzar's Feast

*Intermission will take place Saturday only

Organ provided by Triune Music/S.B. Smith & Associates.

Wednesday's concert is being broadcast live on 98.7WFMT
and streamed live at wfmt.com



DASHON BURTON, bass-baritone, appeared with the Cleveland Orchestra in Brahms' Requiem, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and Mozart's Requiem between 2015 and 2017; he performed again with that ensemble during the current season in the groundbreaking production of Janáček's *Cunning Little Vixen* and in Severance Hall and on tour in Vienna and Japan in Beethoven's Symphony No. 9. Also this season, Mr. Burton appeared with the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, Royal

Stockholm Philharmonic and Orlando Philharmonic in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. At Carnegie Hall, he performed with the Oratorio Society of New York in Handel's *Messiah* and in the world premiere of Paul Moravec's *Sanctuary Road*, and at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in David Lang's *The Little Match Girl Passion*. In the coming season, Mr. Burton revisits the role of Sarastro in *Die Zauberflöte* on tour with Opera de Dijon; presents recitals with Jessica Meyer, Lindsay Garritson and Craig Hella Johnson for *Conspirare* in Austin; and tours with the Grammy Award-winning contemporary vocal ensemble Roomful of Teeth, of which he is a founding member. Dashon Burton began his professional studies at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland and graduated from the Oberlin College Conservatory. Upon graduation, he was invited to join Cantus, a professional men's classical vocal ensemble based in Minneapolis, and toured with them for five years. In 2009, he entered Yale University's Institute of Sacred Music, where received his Master of Music in 2011.



Sean Shepherd (born in 1979)
MAGIYA ("MAGIC") (2013)

Scored for: piccolo, two flutes, two oboes, English horn, two clarinets, bass clarinet, two bassoons, contrabassoon, four horns, three trumpets, three trombones, tuba, timpani, percussion and strings

Performance time: 8 minutes

Grant Park Music Festival premiere

Sean Shepherd was born in Reno, Nevada, in 1979 and studied composition at Indiana University; he completed his master's degree in composition at Juilliard and his doctoral work at Cornell. He also attended master classes at Tanglewood and Aspen as well as the Britten-Pears Young Artist Programme in Aldeburgh, England. In addition to numerous international commissions and performances, Shepherd received the Robbins Prize from Cornell; Dixon Prize from Juilliard; Danks Award from the American Academy of Arts and Letters; International Lutosławski Award; Van Dusen Fellowship of United States Artists; Deutsche Bank Fellowship at the American Academy in Berlin; and residencies with the Cleveland Orchestra, Camargo Foundation and Reno Philharmonic. In 2012, he was named the New York Philharmonic's first Kravis Emerging Composer.

When Shepherd accepted a commission to compose a work for the inaugural season and tour of the National Youth Orchestra of the United States with the Russian conductor Valery Gergiev in 2013, he said, “My thoughts naturally drifted eastwards. In writing a piece to precede two pillars of the Russian repertoire on that program [Tchaikovsky’s Violin Concerto and Shostakovich’s Symphony No. 10], I immediately thought of so much music that I adore in the great tradition of the Russian overture. I also found myself drawn to a specifically Russian sense of magic—or *magiya*—in the stories, folklore and literature (old and new) of the country, a kind that often gets no explanation or justification, a sort of ‘normal,’ everyday magic. When these tales find their way to the stage (as, for example, in Rimsky-Korsakov’s *The Golden Cockerel* and Stravinsky’s *Petrushka*), some of the most colorful and exotic music of the age—and some of my favorite—is the result. *Magiya* is my humble nod to that brilliant musical tradition.”



Franz Joseph Haydn (1732–1809)
SYMPHONY NO. 99 IN E-FLAT MAJOR (1793)

Scored for: pairs of woodwinds, horns and trumpets, timpani, and strings

Performance time: 25 minutes

First Grant Park Orchestra performance: August 21, 1968; Irwin Hoffman, conductor

Haydn’s first triumph in London ended in July 1792, and he promised the impresario Johann Peter Salomon that he would return the next year for another series of concerts. With the deteriorating political situation in France, however, Haydn’s second London visit, originally scheduled to begin just after Christmas 1792, had to be postponed. He nevertheless continued his preparations and was able to leave again for London on January 19, 1794. The opening event of his 1794 season was scheduled for Monday, February 3, but his arrival was delayed for two days beyond that date, so the concert had to be postponed until the following week. On the program was the new E-Flat Symphony (No. 99 in Mandyczewski’s 1907 ordering of the complete edition of these works) that he had composed sometime before leaving Vienna. His year-and-a-half absence from England had not dulled the critical or public adulation of his music. “The incomparable HAYDN,” raved the *Morning Chronicle* on February 11, 1794, “produced an Overture [Symphony] of which it is impossible to speak in common terms. It is one of the grandest efforts of art that we ever witnessed. It abounds with ideas, as new in music as they are grand and impressive; it rouses and affects every emotion of the soul. It was received with rapturous applause.”

The consistent level of compositional mastery that Haydn demonstrated in the “London” symphonies is remarkable—there is simply not a bad page anywhere in the dozen works comprising the set. Haydn’s technique was

so polished and so mature by the 1790s that many of his colleagues were convinced there could be no progress in the symphonic form beyond these works. (Indeed, it took a Beethoven to explode that myth.) The opening movement of Symphony No. 99 makes it easy to understand the despair of Haydn's professional colleagues. Following a stately introduction in slow tempo, the violins posit a delightful little ditty as the movement's main theme. This idea is spun about a few times, partnered by different instruments, and eventually complemented by a sighing phrase of tender sentiment. These two contrasting strains are ingeniously elaborated in the development section before the entire ensemble is enlisted to launch the recapitulation.

Beginning in 1789, Haydn became acquainted with the family of Peter Leopold von Genzinger, one of Vienna's most prominent physicians. He maintained a regular and surprisingly revelatory correspondence with Maria Anna, Genzinger's wife, and developed a close friendship with her. Her death from (apparently) cancer on January 20, 1794, just one day after Haydn left Vienna, seems to have affected him deeply, and it is possible that the solemn nobility of the sonata-form *Adagio* may mirror his feelings. The following movement juxtaposes a sturdy *Menuetto* with a graceful central trio of almost Schubertian sweetness. The finale is based on a tune of such popular, irresistible character that, in those days before copyright restrictions, it was a favorite of clockmakers to use in the mechanical works of their more elaborate timepieces. The movement follows the sonata-rondo form of which Haydn was so fond for his finales and, in the closing pages, includes one of his most witty passages, when the music seems to be finished only to start up again for an even more vigorous romp to the end.



William Walton (1902–1983)

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST (1930–1931)

Scored for: solo baritone, piccolo, two flutes, two oboes, E-flat clarinet, two clarinets, bass clarinet, two bassoons, contrabassoon, English horn, four horns, three trumpets, three trombones, tuba, timpani, percussion, two harps, organ, strings, and chorus

Performance time: 34 minutes

First Grant Park Orchestra performance: July 29, 1972;

Brian Priestman, conductor; Arnold Voketaitis, baritone

Sir William Walton (he was knighted in 1951) was the son of two musicians: his mother was a singing teacher; his father was the local church choirmaster in Oldham, Lancashire. Reports have it (though, unfortunately, without elucidating details) that he was singing Handel anthems before he could speak. Piano and violin lessons followed. He was packed off to the Choir School at Christ Church, Oxford, when he was 10 because his father knew the educational opportunities to be better there than in provincial Oldham. At 16, he entered Christ Church College, but he was so absorbed in

his musical studies that he failed all his other subjects and soon left. Perhaps the most important thing he took with him from Oxford was his friendship with the Sitwell family—Edith, Osbert and Sacheverell. The Sitwells were a family of station, wealth and immense culture, and they recognized an outstanding talent in the young Walton. He moved into their home in London after leaving Oxford, and there received encouragement, advice and inspiration. Dame Edith wrote a series of witty, often satirical poems for Walton to set to music, and the result was *Façade*. This work, described as “An Entertainment” for reciter and chamber ensemble, caused enough of a stir when it was first done in 1922 (Walton was 20) to bring the composer to the attention of the musical world. An overture, *Portsmouth Point*, and a viola concerto followed within two years.

Perhaps out of a certain admiration for Elgar, Walton’s next major work breached that venerable English institution, the oratorio. Ever since the glorious days of Handel two centuries earlier, this form had been as particularly British as clotted cream, and accounted for a sizable part of the undistinguished output of English composers during the 19th century. (George Bernard Shaw, during his days as a London music critic, complained that each specimen was drearier than the one before.) With the works of Hubert Parry and especially *The Dream of Gerontius* by Edward Elgar in 1900, however, new life was breathed into the apparently moribund genre, and it was renewed for the new century. After those days of *Gerontius* and *Empire*, there was again a slack time in the production of oratorios. Into that void, William Walton slipped a thrilling new work—with a text compiled by Osbert Sitwell—based on the ancient Biblical account of Belshazzar and the episode of the handwriting on the wall. The old tradition was revived once again. (Benjamin Britten’s magnificent *War Requiem* accomplished a similar feat exactly 30 years later.) *Belshazzar’s Feast* had a stunning success at its introduction in 1931, and Walton was immediately hailed as one of the leading British musicians.

Belshazzar’s Feast encompasses four scenes from the Biblical story: the grief of the Israelites in their Babylonian captivity; the sumptuous, hedonistic feast at the court of Belshazzar; the handwriting on the wall and Belshazzar’s death; and the Israelites’ jubilation in their new-found freedom. As with any vocal composition, the greatest understanding can be obtained only with knowledge of the words.

The plaint of the Jewish captives informs the first scene of the work (“Thus spake Isaiah”). There is an aura of underlying grief here, a yearning that twice erupts into angry, violent protests (“Sing us one of the songs” and “O daughter of Babylon, who art to be destroyed”). The scene at court (“Babylon was a great city”) is heralded by a recitative for solo baritone. The anger of the opening chorus returns (“In Babylon”), but its display is held carefully in check by the imposing presence of the great king. In the next section (“Praise ye”), the vocalists take on the part of the Babylonians and worship the pagan gods in an enthusiastic ceremonial march. (The polished sheen of this music belies the fact that Walton admitted to his publisher,

Hubert Foss, that he “got landed on the word ‘gold’—I was there from May to December 1930, perched, unable to move either to right or left or up or down.”) The angry music of the Israelites returns in an extended version to round out the scene. The baritone soloist intones another recitative (“And in that same hour”) to begin the brief next scene. An eerie trembling overtakes the music as the chill of judgment passes over Babylon in the form of the writing hand. Belshazzar is slain. The closing scene of the work (“Then sing aloud to God”) is full of exultant celebration and glorious rejoicing at the death of the tyrant, the triumph of God and the release of the captive nation.

Text compiled by Osbert Sitwell
from the Book of Daniel and Psalms 81 and 137

Thus spake Isaiah:
Thy sons that thou shalt beget,
They shall be taken away,
And be eunuchs
In the palace of the King of Babylon.
Howl ye, howl ye, therefore:
For the day of the Lord is at hand!
By the waters of Babylon,
There we sat down: yea, we wept
And hanged our harps upon
the willows.
For they that wasted us
Required of us mirth:
They that carried us away captive
Required of us a song:
“Sing us one of the songs of Zion.”
How shall we sing the Lord's song
In a strange land?
If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,
Let my right hand forget
her cunning.
If I do not remember thee,
Let my tongue cleave to the roof
of my mouth.
Yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem above
my chief joy.
By the waters of Babylon
There we sat down: yea we wept.
O daughter of Babylon, who art
to be destroyed,

Happy shall he be that taketh
thy children
And dasheth them against a stone,
For with violence shall that great city
Babylon be thrown down
And shall be found no more at all.
Babylon was a great city,
Her merchandise was of gold and silver,
Of precious stones, of pearls,
of fine linen,
Of purple, silk and scarlet,
All manner vessels of ivory,
All manner vessels of most
precious wood,
Of brass, iron and marble,
Cinnamon, odors and ointments,
Of frankincense, wine and oil,
Fine flour, wheat and beasts,
Sheep, horses, chariots, slaves
And the souls of men.
In Babylon Belshazzar the King
Made a great feast,
Made a feast to a thousand of his lords,
And drank wine before the thousand.
Belshazzar, whiles he tasted the wine,
Commanded us to bring the gold
and silver vessels.
Yea! the golden vessels, which his
father, Nebuchadnezzar,

Had taken out of the temple
 that was in Jerusalem.
 He commanded us to bring
 the golden vessels
 Of the temple of the house of God,
 That the King, his Princes, his wives
 And his concubines might
 drink therein.

Then the King commanded us:
 "Bring ye the cornet, flute, sackbut,
 psaltery
 And all kinds of music": they drank
 wine again,
 Yea, drank from the sacred vessels;
 And then spake the King:
 "Praise ye
 The God of Gold
 Praise ye
 The God of Silver
 Praise ye
 The God of Iron
 Praise ye
 The God of Wood
 Praise ye
 The God of Stone
 Praise ye
 The God of Brass
 Praise ye the Gods!"

Thus in Babylon, the mighty city,
 Belshazzar the King made
 a great feast
 Made a feast to a thousand
 of his lords
 And drank wine before the thousand.
 Belshazzar, while he tasted the wine,
 Commanded us to bring the gold
 and silver vessels
 That his Princes, his wives
 and his concubines
 Might rejoice and drink therein.
 After they praised their strange gods,
 The idols and the devils,
 False gods who can neither see
 nor hear,

Called they for the timbrel and
 the pleasant harp
 To extol the glory of the King.
 Then they pledged the King before
 the people,
 Crying, "Thou, O King, art King of Kings:
 O King, live for ever..."

And in that same hour, as they feasted,
 Came forth fingers of a man's hand
 And the King saw
 The part of the hand that wrote.
 And this was the writing that
 was written:
 "MENE, MENE, TEKEL UPHARSIN.
 "THOU ART WEIGHED IN THE
 BALANCE AND FOUND WANTING."
 In that night was Belshazzar
 the King slain,
 And his Kingdom divided.

Then sing aloud to God our strength:
 Make a joyful noise unto
 the God of Jacob.
 Take a psalm, bring hither the timbrel,
 Blow up the trumpet in the new moon,
 Blow up the trumpet in Zion
 For Babylon the Great is fallen, fallen.
 Alleluia!

Then sing aloud to God our strength:
 Make a joyful noise unto
 the God of Jacob,
 While the Kings of the Earth lament
 And the merchants of the Earth
 Weep, wail and rend their raiment.
 They cry, "Alas, Alas, that great city,
 In one hour is her judgment come."
 The trumpeters and pipers are silent,
 And the harpers have ceased to harp,
 And the light of a candle shall shine
 no more.

Then sing aloud to God our strength:
 Make a joyful noise unto
 the God of Jacob.
 For Babylon the Great is fallen.
 Alleluia!